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A

SELECTION

FROM THE

New Verſion of Pſalms &c.

FOR THE USE OF

BROMPTON CHAPEL.

Bible. Psalms
k

A

SELECTION

FROM THE

NEW VERSION OF PSALMS,

FOR THE USE OF

BROMPTON-CHAPEL;

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

AN APPENDIX,

CONTAINING

HYMNS ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

By J. B. ADAMS, Organist.

LONDON:

Printed for the Editor, and may be had at the Chapel, or at his House, *Glass-house Street, St. James's.*

M. DCC XCI.

BRITISH MUSEUM

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PREFACE.

TO render that Part of Divine Worſhip, which is appropriated for the Purpoſe of ſinging Praiſes to the DEITY, more devout and affecting; and that not only the Voice, but the Heart may unite in giving HONOUR, GLORY, and PRAISE to that GREAT ETERNAL who created all Things; I have ſelected ſuch Portions from thoſe Parts of the New Verſion of Pſalms which appear to be more immediately calculated to expreſs the Sentiments of Gratitude which influence every pious Mind.

It

It was my firſt Deſign to have publiſhed the Tunes annexed to each Pſalm; but, upon farther Conſideration (as it would have increaſed the Size, and enhanced the Expence, and have been only of Uſe to thoſe who underſtand Muſic,) I rejected it. If, at ſome future Period, a Work of that Kind ſhould be deſired for the Convenience of thoſe who accompany their Voices with the Harpſichord or Organ, an Edition ſhall be publiſhed, on an elegant Plan, with the Tunes properly adapted to thoſe Inſtruments.

To make the Collection more extenſive, and agreeable to thoſe who wiſh to employ Part of their leiſure Time in ſinging Hymns and pious Songs, I have added an Appendix, containing ſeveral of the Species of Compoſition on various Occaſions, the admired Productions of ſome of our moſt eminent and diſtinguiſhed Characters.

It is not neceſſary to enlarge farther on a Publication of this Kind, the Utility of which is ſo very obvious; only to hope that ſuch who delight in this Part of Religious Worſhip, will uſe their utmoſt Endeavours to facilitate the Perfection of it.

PSALMS.

PSALMS, &c.

PSALM I.

HOW bleſt are they who ne'er conſent
By ill Advice to walk,
Nor ſtand in Sinners Ways, nor ſit
Where Men profanely talk:

But make the perfect Law of God
Their Buſineſs and Delight;
Devoutly read therein by Day,
And meditate by Night.

Like ſome fair Tree, which, fed by Streams,
With timely Fruit does bend,
They ſtill ſhall flouriſh, and Succeſs
All their Deſigns attend.

PSALM III.

THOU, Lord, art our ſecure Defence,
On thee our Hopes rely;
Thou art our Glory, and our Help,
When any Evil's nigh.

Guarded by thee we do lie down,
Our ſweet Repoſe to take;
For we thro' thee ſecurely ſleep,
Thro' thee in ſafety wake.

Salvation to the Lord belongs,
He only can defend:
His Bleſſings he extends to all:
Who on his Name depend.

PSALM IV.

CONſider that the righteous Man
Is God's peculiar Choice,
And when to him we make our Pray'rs,
He always hears our Voice.

Then ſtand in Awe of his Commands,
Flee ev'ry Thing that's Ill;
Commune in private with your Hearts,
And bend them to his Will.

The Place of other Sacrifice
Let Righteouſneſs ſupply;
And let your Hope, ſecurely fix'd,
On God alone rely.

PSALM V.

LORD, hear the Voice of our Complaint;
Accept our ſecret Pray'r:
To thee alone, our King, our God,
Will we for Help repair.

Thou

Thou in the Morn our Voice ſhalt hear,
And with the dawning Day,
To thee devoutly we'll look up,
To thee devoutly pray.

O let all thoſe who truſt in thee,
With Shouts their Joy proclaim;
Let them rejoice, whom thou preſerv'ſt,
And all that love thy Name.

To righteous Men, the righteous Lord
His Bleſſings will extend;
And with his Favour, as a Shield,
Will all his Saints defend.

PSALM VIII.

O God, to whom all Creatures bow,
Within this earthly Frame,
Through all the World how great art thou;
How glorious is thy Name!

In Heav'n thy wond'rous Acts are ſung,
Nor fully recon'd there;
And yet thou mak'ſt the infant Tongue
Thy boundleſs Praiſe declare.

Whene'er thy beauteous Works on high
Employ our wond'ring Sight,
The Moon, that nightly rules the Sky,
With Stars of feebler Light;

What's Man, ſay we, that, Lord, thou lov'ſt
To keep him in thy Mind?
Or what his Offſpring, that thou prov'ſt
To them ſo wond'rous kind?

Psalm IX.

TO celebrate thy Praiſe, O Lord,
We will our Hearts prepare;
To all the liſt'ning World thy Works,
Thy wond'rous Works declare.

The Thought of them, ſhall to our Souls
Exalted Pleaſure bring;
Whilſt to thy Name, O thou moſt High,
Triumphant Praiſe we ſing.

All thoſe who have thy Goodneſs prov'd,
Will on thy Truth confide;
Whoſe Mercy ne'er forſook the Man
That on thy Help rely'd.

Sing Praiſes therefore to the Lord,
From Sion, his Abode;
Proclaim his Deeds, 'till all the World
Confeſs no other God.

Psalm XIII.

HOW long wilt thou forget us, Lord?
Muſt we for ever mourn?
How long wilt thou withdraw from us,
Oh never to return?

Oh

Oh hear! and to our longing Eyes
  Reſtore thy wonted Light;
And ſuddenly, or we ſhall ſleep
  In everlaſting Night.

Since we have always plac'd our Truſt
  Beneath thy Mercy's Wing,
Thy ſaving Health will come, and then
  Our Hearts with Joy ſhall ſpring.

Then ſhall our Songs, with Praiſe inſpir'd,
  To thee, our God, aſcend;
Who, to thy Servants in Diſtreſs
  Such Bounty did'ſt extend.

PSALM XV.

LORD, who's the happy Man that may
  To thy bleſt Courts repair;
  Not, Stranger-like, to viſit them,
    But to inhabit there?

'Tis he, whoſe every Thought and Deed,
  By Rules of Virtue moves,
Whoſe gen'rous Tongue diſdains to ſpeak
  The Thing his Heart diſproves.

Who never did a Slander raiſe,
  His Neighbour's Fame to wound;
Nor hearken to a falſe Report,
  By Malice whiſper'd round.

Who Vice in all its Pomp and Power,
Can treat with juſt Neglect;
And Piety, tho' cloath'd in Rags,
Religiouſly reſpect.

PSALM XVI.

WITH Heart and Mouth we'll praiſe the Lord,
Whoſe Precepts give us Light,
And ſureſt Counſel ſtill afford,
In Sorrow's diſmal Night.

We'll ſtrive each Action to approve
To his all-ſeeing Eye:
Nor Danger ſhall our Hopes remove,
Becauſe he ſtill is nigh.

Therefore our Heart all Grief defies,
Our Glory does rejoice:
Our Fleſh ſhall reſt, in Hope to riſe,
Wak'd by his pow'rful Voice.

Thou ſhalt the Paths of Life diſplay,
Which to thy Preſence lead;
Where Pleaſures dwell without Allay,
And Joys that never fade.

Psalm XVIII.

NO Change of Times ſhall ever ſhock
Our firm Affection, Lord, to thee;
For thou haſt always been a Rock,
And from all Danger kept us free.

Who then deſerves to be ador'd,
But God on whom our Hopes depend?
Or who, except the mighty Lord,
Can with reſiſtleſs Pow'r defend?

Let th' eternal Lord be prais'd,
The Rock on whoſe Defence we reſt!
To higheſt Heav'ns his Name be rais'd
Who us with his Salvation bleſs'd!

Therefore, to celebrate his Fame,
Our grateful Voice to Heav'n, we'll raiſe;
And Nations, Strangers to his Name,
Shall thus be taught to ſing his Praiſe.

Psalm XIX.

THE Heav'ns declare thy Glory, Lord,
Which that alone can fill;
The Firmament and Stars expreſs
Their great Creator's Skill

The Dawn of each returning Day
Freſh Beams of Knowledge brings
And from the dark Returns of Night
Divine Inſtruction ſprings.

Their

Their pow'rful Language to no Realm
Or Region is confin'd;
'Tis Nature's Voice, and underſtood
Alike by all Mankind.

Their Doctrine does its ſacred Senſe
Thro' Earth's Extent diſplay;
Whoſe bright Contents the circling Sun
Does round the World convey.

PORTION II.

THE Statutes of the Lord are juſt,
And bring ſincere Delight;
His pure Commands, in Search of Truth,
Aſſiſt the feebleſt Sight.

Our truſty Counſellors they are,
And friendly Warnings give;
Divine Rewards attend on thoſe
Who by his Precepts live.

But what frail Man obſerves how oft
He does from Virtue fall?
O cleanſe us from our ſecret Faults,
Thou God, who know'ſt them all.

So ſhall our Pray'rs and Praiſes be
With thy Acceptance bleſt;
And we ſecure on thy Defence,
Our God and Saviour, reſt.

PORTION III.

THE ſpacious Firmament on high,
And all the blue ethereal Sky,
And ſpangled Heavens, a ſhining Frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied Sun from Day to Day,
Does his Creator's Pow'r diſplay,
And publiſhes to every Land,
The Work of an almighty Hand,

Soon as the Evening Shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wond'rous Tale,
And nightly to the liſt'ning Earth,
Repeats the Story of her Birth;
Whilſt all the Stars that round her burn,
And all the Planets in their Turn,
Confirm the Tidings as they roll,
And ſpread the Truth from Pole to Pole.

What tho' in ſolemn Silence all,
Move round the dark terreſtrial Ball!
What tho' no real Voice or Sound,
Amid their radiant Orbs be found?
In Reaſon's Ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious Voice;
For ever ſinging as they ſhine,
The Hand that made us is divine.

PSALM XXII.

THOU, Guardian-like, didſt ſhield from Wrong,
Our helpleſs Infant Days:
And ſince has been our God and Guide
Through Life's bewilder'd Ways.

Withdraw not then ſo far from us,
When Trouble is ſo nigh;
O ſend us Help, thy Help, on which
We only can rely.

Ye Servants of the mighty Lord,
All you of Chriſtian Line,
His Name extol, and to your Praiſe
Sincere Obedience join.

He ne'er diſdain'd on low Diſtreſs
To caſt a gracious Eye;
Nor turn'd from Poverty his Face,
But hears its humble Cry.

PSALM XXIII.

THE Lord himſelf, the Mighty Lord,
Vouchſafes to be our Guide;
The Shepherd, by whoſe conſtant Care
Our Wants are all ſupply'd.

In tender Graſs he makes us feed,
And gently there repoſe;
Then leads us to cool Shades, and where
Refreſhing Water flows.

He does our wandering Souls reclaim,
And, to his endleſs Praiſe,
Inſtructs with humble Zeal to walk
In his moſt righteous Ways.

Since God doth thus his wond'rous Love
Thro' all our Lives extend,
Our Lives to him we will devote,
And in his Temple ſpend.

PORTION II.

THE Lord our Paſture ſhall prepare,
And feed us with a Shepherd's Care;
His Preſence ſhall our Wants ſupply,
And guard us with a watchful Eye:
Our Noon-Day Walks he ſhall attend,
And all our Midnight Hours defend.

When in the ſultry Glebe we faint,
Or on the thirſty Mountain pant,
To fertile Vales and dewy Meads
Our weary wand'ring Steps he leads,
Where peaceful Rivers, ſoft and ſlow,
Amid the verdant Landſkip flow.

Though in the Paths of Death we tread,
With gloomy Horrors overſpread;

Our

Our ſtedfaſt Hearts ſhall fear no Ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with us ſtill:
Thy friendly Crook ſhall give us Aid,
And guide us through the dreadful Shade.

Though in a bare and rugged Way,
Through devious lonely Wilds we ſtray,
Thy Bounty ſhall our Pains beguile,
The barren Wilderneſs ſhall ſmile,
With ſudden Greens and Herbage crown'd,
And Streams ſhall murmur all around.

PSALM XXIV.

O Happy Race of Saints, by whom
Thy ſacred Courts are trod!
How bleſt are they who ſhall behold
Thy Face, almighty God.

Erect your Heads, ye Gates, unfold,
In State to entertain
The King of Glory: ſee! he comes
With all his ſhining Train.

Who is the King of Glory? who!
The Lord of Hoſts renown'd:
Of Glory he alone is King,
Who is with Glory crown'd.

PSALM XXV.

HIS Mercy and his Truth,
The righteous Lord diſplays,
In bringing wand'ring Sinners Home,
And teaching them his Ways.

He thoſe in Juſtice guides
Who his Direction ſeek;
And in his ſacred Paths ſhall lead
The Humble and the Meek.

Thro' all the Ways of God
Both Truth and Mercy ſhine,
To ſuch as with religious Hearts
To his bleſt Will incline.

PORTION II.

SINCE Mercy is the Grace
That moſt exalts thy Fame;
Forgive our heinous Sins, O Lord,
And ſo advance thy Name.

Who e'er with humble Heart
To God his Duty pays,
Shall find the Lord a faithful Guide,
In all his righteous Ways.

For God to all his Saints,
His ſecret Will imparts,
And does his gracious Cov'nant write
In their obedient Hearts.

Psalm XXVII.

WHOM ſhould we fear, ſince God to us,
Is ſaving Health and Light?
Since ſtrongly he our Lives ſupports,
What can our Souls affright?

Henceforth within his Houſe to dwell,
We earneſtly deſire,
His wonderous Beauty there to view,
And his bleſt Will enquire.

For there may we with Comfort reſt,
In Time of deep Diſtreſs;
And ſafe as on a Rock abide,
In that ſecure Receſs.

Psalm XXXI.

OH! thou great God of Truth,
Our Lives and all are thine,
Since what we are, was all thy Gift,
To thee we'll all reſign,

Thoſe Mercies thou haſt ſhewn,
We'll chearfully expreſs;
For thou haſt ſeen our ſtraits, and known
Our Souls in deep Diſtreſs.

O! all ye Saints, the Lord
With eager Love purſue;
Who to the Juſt will Help afford,
And give the Proud their Due.

Ye that on God rely,
Courageously proceed,
For he will still your Hearts supply
With Strength in Time of Need.

PSALM XXXIII.

LET all the Just to God, with Joy,
Their chearful Voices raise;
The Righteous well it does become
To sing glad Songs of Praise.

For faithful is the Word of God;
His Works with Truth abound;
He Justice loves; and all the Earth
With his great Love is crown'd.

By his almighty Word, at first,
The heav'nly Arch was rear'd;
The Sun and all the Hosts of Light
At his Command appear'd.

Let Earth and all that dwell therein,
Before him trembling stand:
For when he spake the Word, 'twas made;
'Twas fix'd at his Command.

PORTION II.

HOW happy are all those to whom
The Lord for God is known!
Whom he, from all the World besides,
Has chosen for his own.

'Tis God, who thoſe that truſt in him
Beholds with gracious Eyes:
He frees their Souls from Death; their Want,
In Time of Dearth ſupplies.

Our Souls on God with Patience wait;
Our Help and Shield is he:
Then, Lord, let ſtill our Hearts rejoice,
Becauſe we truſt in thee.

The Riches of thy Mercy, Lord,
Lo thou to us extend;
Since we, for all we want and wiſh,
On thee alone depend.

PSALM XXXIV.

THRO' all the changing Scenes of Life,
In Trouble and in Joy,
The Praiſes of our God ſhall ſtill
Our Hearts and Tongues employ.

O! make but Trial of his Love,
Experience will decide
How bleſt they are, and only they,
Who in his Truth confide.

Fear him, ye Saints; and you will then
Have nothing elſe to fear:
Make you his Service your Delight,
Your Wants ſhall be his Care.

PORTION II.

THE Lord from Heav'n beholds the Juſt
With favourable Eyes;
And when diſtreſs'd, his gracious Ear
Is open to their Cries.

O! magnify the Lord with us,
With us exalt his Name;
When in Diſtreſs to him we call'd,
He to our Reſcue came.

Of his Deliv'rance we will boaſt
'Till all that are diſtreſt,
From our Example Comfort take,
And charm their Griefs to reſt.

PSALM XXXVI.

O Lord, thy Mercy, our ſure Hope,
Above the heav'nly Orb aſcends;
Thy ſacred Truth's unmeaſur'd Scope
Beyond the ſpreading Sky extends:

Thy Juſtice like the Hills remains,
Unfathom'd Depths thy Judgments are;
Thy Providence the World ſuſtains;
The whole Creation is thy Care.

Since of thy Goodneſs all partake,
With what Aſſurance ſhould the Juſt
Thy ſhelt'ring Wings their Refuge make,
And Saints to thy Protection truſt.

With thee the Springs of Life remain;
Thy Preſence is eternal Day;
O! let thy Saints thy Favour gain;
To upright Hearts thy Truth diſplay.

PSALM XLI.

HAPPY the Man, whoſe tender Care
Relieves the Poor diſtreſs'd;
When Troubles compaſs him around,
The Lord ſhall give him Reſt.

The Lord his Life, with Bleſſings crown'd,
In Safety ſhall prolong;
And diſappoint the Will of thoſe
That ſeek to do him wrong.

If he in languiſhing Eſtate,
Oppreſs'd with Sickneſs lie;
The Lord will eaſy make his Bed,
And inward Strength ſupply.

Let therefore God, the mighty Lord,
From Age to Age be bleſs'd;
And all the People's glad Applauſe,
With loud Amens expreſs'd.

PSALM XLII.

AS pants the Hart for cooling Streams,
When heated in the Chace,
So long our Souls, O God for thee,
And thy refreſhing Grace.

For thee, our God, the living God,
Our thirſty Souls do pine;
O when ſhall we behold thy Face,
Thou Majeſty divine!

PSALM LI.

HAVE Mercy Lord on us,
As thou wert ever kind:
Let us, oppreſt with Loads of Guilt,
Thy wonted Mercy find.

Waſh off our foul Offence,
And cleanſe us from our Sin;
For we confeſs our Crimes, and ſee
How great our Guilt has been.

Againſt thee only, Lord,
And only in thy Sight,
Have we tranſgreſs'd, and tho' condemn'd,
Muſt own thy Judgment's right.

PSALM LVII.

O God our Hearts and Minds are bent,
Their thankful Tribute to preſent;
And with our Hearts our Voice we'll raiſe
To thee our God, in Songs of Praiſe.

Awake

Awake our Glory; Harp and Lute,
No longer let your Strings be mute;
And we our tuneful Part to take,
Will with the early Dawn awake.

Thy Praiſes, Lord, we will reſound
To all the liſt'ning Nations round:
Thy Mercy higheſt Heav'n tranſcends;
Thy Truth beyond the Clouds extends.

Be thou, O God, exalted high,
And, as thy Glory fills the Sky,
So let it be on Earth diſplay'd,
Till thou art here, as there, obey'd.

PSALM LXII.

GOD does his ſaving Health diſpenſe,
And flowing Bleſſings daily ſend:
He is our Fortreſs and Defence;
On him our Souls ſhall ſtill depend.

In him, ye People, always truſt;
Before his Throne pour out your Hearts;
For God the merciful and juſt,
His timely Aid to us imparts.

For God has oft his Will expreſs'd,
And we his Truth have fully known;
To be of boundleſs Power poſſeſs'd,
Belongs of Right to God alone.

Tho'

Tho' Mercy is his darling Grace,
In which he chiefly takes Delight;
Yet will he all the human Race,
According to their Works, requite.

PSALM LXV.

FOR thee, O God, our conſtant Praiſe
In Sion waits thy choſen Seat:
Our promis'd Altars there we'll raiſe,
And all our zealous Vows compleat.

O Thou, who to our humble Pray'r,
Didſt always bend thy liſt'ning Ear,
To thee ſhall all Mankind repair,
And at thy gracious Throne appear.

Our Sins (tho' numberleſs) in vain
To ſtop thy flowing Mercy try;
Whilſt thou o'erlook'ſt the guilty Stain,
And waſheſt out the crimſon Dye.

PSALM LXVI.

O Come all ye that fear the Lord,
Attend with heedful Care;
Whilſt we, what God for us has done,
With grateful Joy declare.

As we before his Aid implor'd,
So now we praiſe his Name;
Who, if our Hearts had harbour'd Sin,
Wou'd all our Pray'rs diſclaim.

But

But God to us, whene'er we cry'd,
His gracious Ear did bend,
And to the Voice of our Requeſt
With conſtant Love attend.

Then bleſs'd for ever be our God,
Who never when we pray,
Withholds his Mercy from our Souls,
Nor turns his Face away.

PSALM LXVII.

TO bleſs thy choſen Race,
In Mercy, Lord, incline;
And cauſe the Brightneſs of thy Face
On all thy Saints to ſhine.

That ſo thy wond'rous Way
May thro' the World be known;
Whoſe diſtant Lands their Tribute pay,
And thy Salvation own.

Let diff'ring Nations join
To celebrate thy Fame;
Let all the World, O Lord, combine
To praiſe thy glorious Name.

Then God upon our Land
Shall conſtant Bleſſings ſhow'r;
And all the World in Awe ſhall ſtand
Of his reſiſtleſs Pow'r.

PSALM LXXI.

IN thee we put our ſtedfaſt Truſt;
Defend us, Lord, from Shame:
Incline thine Ear, and ſave our Souls;
For righteous is thy Name.

Be thou our ſtrong abiding Place,
To which we may reſort:
'Tis thy Decree that keeps us ſafe;
Thou art our ſure Support.

Thy conſtant Care did ſafely guard,
Our tender Infant Days;
Thou took'ſt us from our Mother's Womb,
To ſing thy conſtant Praiſe.

Reject not then thy Servants, Lord,
When we with Age decay;
Forſake us not, when, worn with Years,
Our Strength does fade away.

PORTION II.

THY righteous Acts, and ſaving Health,
Our Mouths ſhall ſtill declare;
Unable yet to count them all,
Tho' ſumm'd with utmoſt Care.

While thou, O God, art our Support,
We'll in thy Strength go on;
All other Righteouſneſs diſclaim,
And mention thine alone.

Thou

Thou, Lord, haſt taught us from our Youth
To praiſe thy glorious Name:
And ever ſhall thy wond'rous Works
Remain our conſtant Theme.

New Songs of holy Joy ſhall ſtill
Employ our chearful Voice!
Our grateful Souls by thee redeem'd,
Shall in thy ſtrength rejoice!

PSALM LXXII.

THE Mem'ry of God's glorious Name,
Through endleſs Years ſhall run;
His ſpotleſs Fame ſhall ſhine as bright,
And laſting as the Sun.

In him the Nations of the World,
Shall be compleatly bleſt;
And his unbounded Happineſs
By every Tongue confeſt.

Then bleſt be God, the mighty Lord,
The God whom Iſr'el fears:
Who only wond'rous in his Works,
Beyond Compare appears.

PSALM LXXXI.

TO God, our never failing Strength,
With loud Applauſes ſing;
And jointly make a chearful Noiſe,
To Jacob's awful King.

Compoſe

Compoſe a Hymn of Praiſe, and touch
Your Inſtruments of Joy,
Let Pſalteries and pleaſant Harps,
Your grateful Skill employ.

Let Trumpets at the great new Moon,
Their chearful Voices raiſe,
To celebrate th' appointed Time,
The ſolemn Day of Praiſe.

For this a Statute was of old,
Which Jacob's God decreed,
To be with pious Care obſerv'd,
By Iſr'el's choſen Seed.

PSALM LXXXIV.

O God of Hoſts, the mighty Lord;
How lovely is the Place,
Where thou, enthron'd in Glory, ſhew'ſt
The Brightneſs of thy Face!

Our longing Souls faint with Deſire
To view thy bleſt Abode;
Our panting Hearts and Fleſh cry out
For thee, the living God.

Thrice happy they, whoſe Choice has thee
Their ſure Protection made;
Who long to tread the ſacred Paths
That to thy Dwelling lead.

They ſhall from Strength to Strength proceed,
And ſtill approach more near;
'Till they in Heaven's bleſt Courts above
Before their God appear!

PSALM LXXXVI.

TO us, who daily thee invoke,
Thy Mercy, Lord, extend;
Refreſh our Souls, for all our Hopes
On thee alone depend.

Thou, Lord, art good; not only good,
But prompt to pardon too;
Of plenteous Mercy to all thoſe,
Who for thy Mercy ſue.

Therefore their great Creator, thee,
All Nations ſhall adore;
Their long miſguided Pray'rs and Praiſe,
To thy bleſt Name reſtore.

All ſhall confeſs thee good and great;
The Wonders thou haſt done;
Confeſs thee God, the God ſupreme,
Confeſs thee God alone.

PORTION II.

TEACH us thy Way, O Lord, and we
From Truth ſhall ne'er depart;
In Rev'rence to thy ſacred Name,
Devoutly fix our Heart.

Thee

Thee will we praiſe, O Lord our God,
Praiſe thee with Hearts ſincere;
And to thy everlaſting Name
Eternal Trophies rear.

Thy boundleſs Mercy ſhewn to us,
Tranſcends our Pow'r to tell;
For thou haſt oft redeem'd our Souls,
From loweſt Depths of Hell.

Thou, Lord, thy conſtant Goodneſs didſt
To our aſſiſtance bring;
Of Patience, Mercy, and of Truth,
Thou everlaſting Spring.

PSALM XCII.

HOW good and pleaſant muſt it be
To thank the Lord moſt high;
And with repeated Hymns of Praiſe
His Name to magnify:

With every Morning's early Dawn,
His Goodneſs to relate;
And of his conſtant Truth, each Night,
The glad Effects repeat!

For thro' thy wond'rous Works, O Lord,
Thou mak'ſt our Hearts rejoice;
The Thoughts of them ſhall make us glad,
And ſhout with chearful Voice.

Psalm XCV.

O Come, loud Anthems let us ſing,
Loud Thanks to our almighty King;
For we our Voices high ſhould raiſe,
When our Salvation's Rock we praiſe.

Into his Preſence let us haſte,
To thank him for his Favours paſt;
To him addreſs, in joyful Songs,
The Praiſe that to his Name belongs.

For God, the Lord, enthron'd in State,
Is with unrival'd Glory great:
A King ſuperior far to all
Whom Gods the Heathens falſely call.

O let us to his Courts repair;
And bow with Adoration there:
Down on our Knees devoutly all,
Before the Lord our Maker fall.

Psalm XCVI.

PROCLAIM aloud Jehovah reigns,
Whoſe Pow'r the Heav'n and Earth ſuſtains,
And baniſh'd Juſtice will reſtore!
Let therefore Heaven new Joys confeſs,
And heav'nly Mirth let Earth expreſs,
And loudeſt Praiſe the Ocean roar.

The mute Inhabitants rejoice,
And for this Triumph find a Voice.

For Joy, let fertile Vallies ſing,
The chearful Groves their Tribute bring,
The tuneful Choir of Birds awake,
The Lord's Approach to celebrate,
Who now appears in awful State,
His Circuit thro' the Earth to take:

From Heav'n to judge the World he's come,
With Juſtice to reward and doom.

PSALM XCVIII.

SING to the Lord a new-made Song,
Who wond'rous Things have done:
With his Right-hand and holy Arm,
The Conqueſt he has won.

The Lord has thro' th' aſtoniſh'd World
Diſplay'd his ſaving Might,
And made his righteous Acts appear
In all the Heathen's Sight.

Of Iſr'el's Houſe his Love and Truth
Have ever mindful been;
Wide Earth's remoteſt Parts the Pow'r
Of Iſr'el's God have ſeen.

Let therefore Earth's Inhabitants
Their chearful Voices raiſe;
And all with univerſal Joy
Reſound their Make's Praiſe.

Psalm C.

WITH one Conſent let all the Earth
To God their chearful Voices raiſe;
Glad Homage pay, with awful Mirth,
And ſing before him Songs of Praiſe:

Convinc'd that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed;
We, whom he chuſes for his own,
The Flock that he vouchſafes to feed.

O enter then his Temple Gate,
Thence to his Court devoutly preſs;
And ſtill your grateful Hymns repeat,
And ſtill his Name with Praiſes bleſs.

For he's the Lord, ſupremely Good,
His Mercy is for ever ſure;
His Truth, which always firmly ſtood,
To endleſs Ages ſhall endure.

Portion II.

ALL People that on Earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with chearful Voice;
Him ſerve with Fear, his Praiſe forth-tell,
Come ye before him and rejoice.

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;
Without our Aid, he did us make,
We are his Flock, he doth us feed,
And for his Sheep he doth us take.

O!

O! enter then his Gates with Praiſe,
Approach with Joy his Courts unto;
Praiſe, laud, and bleſs his Name always,
For it is ſeemly ſo to do.

For why? the Lord our God is good,
His Mercy is for ever ſure;
His Truth at all times firmly ſtood,
And ſhall from Age to Age endure.

PSALM CIII.

OUR Souls, inſpir'd with ſacred Love,
God's holy Name will ever bleſs;
Of all his Favours mindful prove,
And ſtill our grateful Thanks expreſs.

'Tis he who all our Sins forgives,
And after Sickneſs makes us ſound:
From Danger he, our Lives retrieves,
By him with Grace and Mercy crown'd.

The Lord abounds with tender Love,
And unexampled Acts of Grace:
His waken'd Wrath doth ſlowly move,
His willing Mercy flies apace.

God will not always harſhly chide,
But with his Anger quickly part;
He loves his Puniſhments to guide
More by his Love than our Deſert.

PORTION II.

AS high as Heav'n its Arch extends
Above this little Spot of Clay,
So much his boundleſs Love tranſcends
The ſmall Returns that we can pay.

As far as 'tis from Eaſt to Weſt,
So far has he our Sins remov'd;
Who with a Father's tender Breaſt,
Has ſuch as fear him always lov'd.

The Lord, the univerſal King,
In Heav'n has fix'd his lofty Throne;
To him, ye Angels, Praiſes ſing,
In whoſe great Strength his Power is ſhown,

Ye that his juſt Commands obey,
And hear and do his ſacred Will;
Ye Hoſts of his, this Tribute pay,
Who ſtill, what he ordains, fulfil.

Let ev'ry Creature jointly bleſs
The mighty Lord; and thou, my Heart,
With grateful Joy, and Thanks expreſs,
And in this Concert bear thy Part.

PSALM CV.

O Render Thanks, and bleſs the Lord,
Invoke his ſacred Name;
Acquaint the Nations with his Deeds,
His matchleſs Deeds proclaim:

Sing

Sing to his Praiſe in lofty Hymns,
His wond'rous Works reheaſe;
Make them the Theme of your Diſcourſe,
And Subject of your Verſe.

Rejoice in his almighty Name,
Alone to be ador'd;
And let their Hearts o'erflow with Joy
That humbly ſeek the Lord.

We'll ſeek the Lord, his ſaving Strength
Devoutly ſtill implore;
And, where he's ever preſent, ſeek
His Face for evermore.

PSALM CVI.

O Render Thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal Love;
Whoſe mercy firm thro' Ages paſt
Has ſtood, and ſhall for ever laſt.

Who can his mighty Deeds expreſs,
Not only great but numberleſs?
What mortal Eloquence can raiſe
His Tribute of immortal Praiſe?

Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy Judgments never ſtray:
Who knows what's right, nor only ſo,
But always practice what they know.

Extend to us that Favour, Lord,
Thou to thy Choſen doſt afford;
When thou return'ſt to ſet them free,
Let us thy great Salvation ſee.

PSALM CVII.

TO God your grateful Voices raiſe,
Who does our daily Patron prove;
And let your never-ceaſing Praiſe:
Attend on his eternal Love.

For he from Heav'n, the ſad Eſtate
Of longing Souls, with Pity views;
To hungry Souls, that pant for Meat,
His Goodneſs daily Food renews.

Then to the Lord, with Songs of Joy,
May all the Earth their Voices raiſe;
For all th' amazing Works which he
Throughout the Univerſe diſplays.

With Gifts we'll to his Altar go,
And there our grateful Thanks expreſs;
And with loud Joy, let all below,
His Name with holy Ardour bleſs.

PSALM CVIII.

O God our Hearts are fully bent
To magnify thy Name:
Our Tongues with chearful Songs of Praiſe
Shall celebrate thy Fame.

Awake

Awake our Lutes, nor ye our Harps,
Your warbling Notes delay;
Whilſt we with early Hymns of Joy,
Prevent the dawning Day.

To all the liſt'ning World, O Lord,
Thy Wonders we will tell,
And to thoſe Nations ſing thy Praiſe,
That round about us dwell;

Becauſe thy Mercy's boundleſs Height
The higheſt Heav'n tranſcends,
And far beyond th' aſpiring Clouds,
Thy faithful Truth extends.

Be thou, O God, exalted high
Above the ſtarry Frame;
O let the World with one Conſent,
Confeſs thy glorious Name.

PSALM CXI.

O Praiſe the Lord! our God to praiſe
Our Souls their utmoſt Pow'r ſhall raiſe;
With private Friends, and in the Throng
Of Saints, his Praiſe ſhall be our Song.

His Works for Greatneſs tho' renown'd,
His wond'rous Works with Eaſe are found
By thoſe who ſeek for them aright,
And in the pious Search delight.

His

His Works are all of matchleſs Fame,
And univerſal Glory claim;
His Truth, confirm'd thro' Ages paſt,
Shall to eternal Ages laſt.

By Precept he has us enjoin'd
To keep his wond'rous Works in Mind;
And to Poſterity record,
That good and gracious is the Lord.

PSALM CXII.

THAT Man is bleſs'd who ſtands in awe
Of God, and loves his ſacred Law:
His Seed on Earth ſhall be renown'd,
And with ſucceſſive Honours crown'd.

The Soul that's fill'd with Virtue's Light,
Shine's brighteſt in Affliction's Night,
To pity the Diſtreſs'd inclin'd,
As well as juſt to all Mankind.

His lib'ral Favours he extends,
To ſome he gives, to others lends;
Yet what his Charity impairs,
He ſaves by Prudence in Affairs.

Beſet with threat'ning Dangers round,
Unmov'd ſhall he maintain his Ground:
The ſweet Remembrance of the Juſt
Shall flouriſh when he ſleeps in Duſt,

PSALM CXVI.

ON God's almighty Name we call'd,
And thus to him we pray'd,
Lord we beſeech thee, ſave our Souls,
With Sorrow quite diſmay'd.

How juſt and merciful is God,
How gracious is the Lord?
Who ſaves the harmleſs, and to us,
Does timely Help afford.

Then what Return to him ſhall we
For all his Goodneſs make?
We'll praiſe his Name, and with glad Zeal
The Cup of Bleſſing take.

To thee we'll Off'rings bring of Praiſe;
And whilſt we bleſs thy Name,
The juſt Performance of our Vows,
To all thy Saints proclaim.

PSALM CXVII.

WITH chearful Notes let all the Earth
To Heav'n their Voices raiſe.
Let all, inſpir'd with godly Mirth,
Sing ſolemn Hymns of Praiſe.

God's tender Mercy knows no Bound,
His Truth ſhall ne'er decay;
Then let the willing Nations round
Their grateful Tribute pay.

Psalm CXVIII.

O Praiſe the Lord, for he is good,
His Mercies ne'er decay :
That his kind Favours ever laſt,
Let all his People ſay.

Then open wide the Temple Gates,
To which the Juſt repair,
That we may enter in, and praiſe
Our great Deliv'rer there.

O come with us, give thanks to God,
Who ſtill does gracious prove ;
And let the Tribute of our Praiſe,
Be endleſs as his Love.

Portion II.

GOD, by his own reſiſtleſs Pow'r,
Has endleſs Honour won :
The ſaving Strength of his Right Hand,
Amazing Work has done.

That which the Builders once refus'd,
Is now the Corner Stone ;
This is the wond'rous Work of God,
The Work of God alone.

This Day is God's—let all the Land,
Exalt their chearful Voice;
Lord, we beſeech thee, ſave us now,
And make us ſtill rejoice.

PSALM CXIX.

HOW bleſt are they, who always keep,
The pure and perfect Way:
Who never from the ſacred Paths
Of God's Commandments ſtray.

How bleſt! who to his righteous Laws
Have ſtill obedient been;
And have, with fervent humble Zeal,
His Favour ſought to win.

Such Men their utmoſt Caution uſe
To ſhun each wicked Deed;
But in the Path which he directs,
With conſtant Zeal proceed.

PORTION II.

THOU ſtrictly haſt enjoin'd us, Lord,
To learn thy ſacred Will;
And all our Diligence employ,
Thy Statutes to fulfil.

O then, that thy moſt holy Will,
Might o'er our Ways preſide,
And we the Courſe of all our Lives,
By thy Direction guide!

Then with Aſſurance ſhould we walk,
From all Confuſion free:
Convinc'd, with Joy, that all our Ways
With thy Commands agree.

PORTION III.

HOW ſhall the Young preſerve their Ways
From all Pollution free?
By making ſtill their Courſe of Life
With thy Commands agree.

With hearty Zeal for thee we ſeek,
To thee for Bleſſings pray;
O ſuffer not our careleſs Steps
From thy right Paths to ſtray.

Safe in our Hearts, and cloſely hid,
Thy Word, our Treaſure, lies;
To ſuccour us with timely Aid,
When ſinful Thoughts ariſe.

Secur'd by that, our grateful Souls
Shall ever praiſe thy Name:
O teach us then by thy juſt Laws,
Our future Life to frame.

PORTION IV.

HOW ſweet, O Lord, are all thy Words
O what divine Repaſt!
How much more grateful to our Souls,
Than Honey to our Taſte.

Taught

Taught by thy ſacred Precepts, we
With heav'nly Truths are bleſt;
Through which the treach'rous Ways of Sin
We utterly deteſt.

On us, devoted to thy Fear,
Lord, make thy Face to ſhine:
Thy Statutes both to know, and keep,
Our Hearts with Zeal incline.

Eternal and unerring Rules,
Thy Teſtimonies give;
Teach us the Wiſdom that will make
Our Souls for ever Live.

PSALM CXXI.

TO Sion's Hill, we lift our Eyes,
From thence expecting Aid;
From Sion's Hill, and Sion's God,
Who Heav'n and Earth has made.

Then thou, our Souls, in Safety reſt;
Your Guardian never ſleeps:
His watchful Care that Iſr'el guards,
His Saints ſecurely keeps;

Shelter'd beneath th' Almighty's Wings,
They ſhall ſecurely reſt;
Nor Sun nor Moon, their Time or Peace,
Shall Day or Night moleſt.

Psalm CXXX.

OUR Souls with Patience wait
For thee, the living Lord,
Our Hopes are on thy Promiſe built,
Thy never-failing Word.

Our longing Eyes look out
For thy enliv'ning Ray,
More duly than the Morning Watch
To ſpy the dawning Day.

In thee we'll put our Truſt,
No Bounds thy Mercy knows;
The plenteous Source and Spring from whence
Eternal Succour flows,

Whoſe friendly Streams to us,
Supplies in Want convey;
A healing Spring, a Spring to cleanſe,
And waſh our Guilt away,

Psalm CXXXV.

O Praiſe the Lord with one Conſent,
And magnify his Name;
Let all the Servants of the Lord,
His worthy Praiſe proclaim.

Praiſe him all ye that in his Houſe
Attend with conſtant Care;
With thoſe that to his outmoſt Courts
With humble Zeal repair.

For this our trueſt Int'reſt is
Glad Hymns of Praiſe to ſing ;
And with loud Songs to bleſs his Name,
A moſt delightful Thing.

PSALM CXXXVI.

TO God the mighty Lord,
Your joyful Thanks repeat ;
To him due Praiſe afford,
As good as he is great.
For God does prove
Our conſtant Friend :
His boundleſs Love
Shall never end.

To him whoſe wond'rous Pow'r
All other Gods obey ;
Whom earthly Kings adore,
This grateful Homage pay.
For God, &c.

He does the Food ſupply,
On which all Creatures live ;
To God who reigns on high
Eternal Praiſes give.
For God will prove
Our conſtant Friend ;
His boundleſs Love
Shall Never end.

Psalm CXXXVIII.

WITH our whole Heart, our God and King,
Thy Praiſe we will proclaim;
Before the World with Joy we'll ſing,
And bleſs thy holy Name.

We'll worſhip at thy ſacred Seat,
And with thy Love inſpir'd,
The Praiſes of thy Truth repeat,
O'er all thy Works admir'd.

Thou graciouſly inclin'd thine Ear,
When we to thee did cry:
And when our Souls were preſs'd with Fear
Didſt inward Strength ſupply.

Psalm CXXXIX.

THOU, Lord, by ſtricteſt Search haſt known
Our riſing up, and lying down;
Our ſecret Thoughts to thee are known,
Yea long before they were our own.

Thine Eyes our Beds and Paths ſurveys,
Our public Haunts and private Ways;
Thou knoweſt what our Lips would vent,
Our yet unutter'd Words intent.

Surrounded

Surrounded by thy Pow'r we ſtand,
On every Side we find thy Hand.
O Skill, for human Race too high,
Too dazzling Bright for mortal Eye.

Portion II.

O Could we ſo perfidious be,
To think of once deſerting thee:
Where Lord, could we thy Influence ſhun,
Or whither from thy Preſence run.

If up to Heav'n we take our Flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'ſt enthron'd in Light:
Or down to Hell's infernal Plains,
'Tis there Almighty Vengeance reigns.

Or ſhould we try to ſhun thy Sight,
Beneath the ſable Wings of Night,
One Glance from thee, one piercing Ray,
Would kindle Darkneſs into Day.

The Veil of Night is no Diſguiſe,
No Screen from thy all-ſearching Eyes;
Thro' midnight Shades thou find'ſt the Way,
As in the blazing Noon of Day.

Psalm CXLIII.

LORD, hear our Pray'rs, and to our Cry,
Thy wonted Audience lend;
In thy accuſtom'd Faith and Truth,
A gracious Anſwer ſend.

Nor

Nor at thy ſtrict Tribunal bring
Thy Servants to be try'd:
For in thy Sight, no living Man,
Can e'er be juſtify'd.

Thy kindleſs early let us hear,
Whoſe Truſt on thee depends;
Teach us the Way where we ſhall go,
Our Soul to thee aſcends.

O! For the Sake of thy great Name,
Revive our drooping Hearts;
For thy Truth's Sake, to us diſtreſs'd,
Thy promis'd Aid impart.

PSALM CXLV.

THEE we will bleſs, our God and King,
Thy endleſs Praiſe proclaim:
This Tribute daily we will bring,
And ever bleſs thy Name.

For thou art Good; freſh Acts of Grace
Thy Pity ſtill ſupplies;
Thy Anger moves with ſloweſt Pace,
Thy willing Mercy flies.

Thy Love thro' Earth extends its Fame
To all thy Works expreſt;
Theſe ſhew thy Praiſe, whilſt thy great Name
Is by thy Servants bleſt.

Portion II.

THE Lord doth them ſupport that fall,
And makes the Proſtrate riſe;
For his kind Aid all Creatures call,
Who timely Food ſupplies.

What e'er their various Wants require,
With open Hand he gives;
And ſo fulfils the juſt Deſire
Of every Thing that lives.

Our Time to come, in Praiſes ſpent,
Shall ſtill advance his Fame,
And all Mankind, with one Conſent,
For ever bleſs his Name.

Psalm CXLVI.

THE Lord that made both Heav'n and Earth,
And all that they contain,
Will never quit his ſtedfaſt Truth,
Nor make his Promiſe vain.

The Poor oppreſt, from all their Wrongs,
Are eas'd by his Decree;
He gives the Hungry needful Food,
And ſets the Priſ'ner free.

By him the Blind receive their Sight;
The Weak and Fall'n he rears;
With kind Regard and tender Love
He for the Righteous cares.

The Strangers he preſerves from Harm,
The Orphan kindly treats;
Defends the Widow, and the Wiles
Of wicked Men defeats.

The Lord himſelf, the mighty Lord,
Is our eternal King;
From Age to Age his Reign endures,
Let all his Praiſes ſing.

PSALM CXLVIII.

YE boundleſs Realms of Joy,
Exalt your Maker's Fame:
His Praiſe your Song employ
Above the ſtarry Frame:
Your Voices raiſe
Ye Cherubims,
And Seraphims,
To ſing his Praiſe.

Thou Moon that rul'ſt the Night
And Sun that guid'ſt the Day,
Ye glitt'ring Stars of Light,
To him your Homage pay;
His Praiſe declare,
Ye Heav'ns above,
And Clouds that move
In liquid Air.

United

United Zeal be ſhewn,
His wond'rous Fame to raiſe,
Whoſe glorious Name alone
Deſerves our endleſs Praiſe,
O! therefore raiſe,
Your grateful Voice,
And ſtill rejoice
The Lord to praiſe.

PSALM CXLIX.

O Praiſe ye the Lord:
Prepare your glad Voice,
His Praiſe in the great
Aſſembly to ſing:
In our great Creator
Let Iſr'el rejoice,
And Children of Sion
Be glad in their King.

Let them his great Name
Extol in the Dance;
With Timbrel and Harp
His Praiſes expreſs;
Who always takes Pleaſure
His Saints to advance,
And with his Salvatiou
The Humble to bleſs,

PSALM CL.

O Praiſe the Lord in that bleſt Place,
From Whence his Goodneſs largely flows:
Praiſe him in Heav'n, where he his Face
Unveil'd in perfect Glory ſhows.

Praiſe him for all the mighty Acts,
Which he in our Behalf has done;
His Kindneſs this Return exacts,
With which our Praiſe ſhould equal run.

Let all that vital Breath enjoy,
The Breath he does to them afford,
In juſt Returns of Praiſe employ:
Let ev'ry Creature praiſe the Lord.

PSALMS

PROPER FOR

FESTIVALS, &c.

GOOD FRIDAY.

PSALM XXII.

O Lord, my God, why leav'ſt thou me
When I with Anguiſh faint?
O! Why ſo far from me remov'd,
And from my loud Complaint?

For I am treated like to Brutes,
Like none of human Birth;
Not only by the Great revil'd,
But made the Rabble's Mirth.

With Laughter all the gazing Crowd
My Agonies ſurvey,
They ſhut their Lips, they ſhake their Heads,
And thus deriding ſay:

In God he truſted, boaſting oft,
That he was Heav'n's Delight;
Let God deſcend to ſave him now,
And own him in our Sight,

PSALM LXIX.

REproach and Grief have broke my Heart,
I look'd for ſome to take my Part,
To pity or relieve my Pain;
But look'd, alas! for both in vain.

With Hunger pin'd, for Food I call;
Inſtead of Food they give me Gall:
And when with Thirſt my Spirits ſink,
They give me Vinegar to drink.

For new Afflictions they procur'd
For him, who had thy Stripes endur'd;
And made the Wounds, their Scourge had torn,
To bleed afreſh with ſharper Scorn.

EASTER-DAY.

PSALM XVI.—Page 6.

PSALM LVII.—Page 19.

WHIT-

WHITSUNDAY.

VENI CREATOR.

COME, Holy Ghoſt, eternal God,
Proceeding from above!
Both from the Father and the Son,
The God of Peace and Love!

Viſit our Minds, and into us
Thy heavenly Grace inſpire!
That for all Truth and Godlineſs
We may have firm Deſire.

O Holy Ghoſt, into our Souls
Send down thy bleſſed Light!
Inflame our Hearts with fervent Love
To ſerve God Day and Night!

CHRISTMAS-DAY.

PSALM II.

ATTEND all Earth, whilſt we declare
God's uncontroul'd Decree;
Thou art my Son, this Day, my Heir,
Have I begotten thee.

Aſk, and receive thy full Demands,
Thine ſhall the Heathen be;
The utmoſt Limits of the Lands
Shall be poſſeſs'd by thee.

Appeaſe the Son; with due Reſpect,
Your timely Homage pay;
Leſt he revenge the bold Neglect,
Incens'd by your Delay.

If but in Part, his Anger riſe,
Who can endure the Flame?
Then bleſt are they, whoſe Hope relies
On his moſt holy Name.

PSALM CXVIII.

WITHIN thoſe Gates of God's Abode,
To which the Righteous preſs;
Since thou haſt heard, and ſet us ſafe,
Thy holy Name we'll bleſs.

That which the Builders once refus'd,
Is now the Corner Stone:
This is the wond'rous Work of God,
The Work of God alone.

This Day is God's, let all the Land
Exalt their chearful Voice:
Lord we beſeech thee, ſave us now,
And make us ſtill rejoice.

O then with us, give Thanks to God,
Who ſtill does gracious prove;
And let the Tribute of our Praiſe,
Be endleſs as his Love.

CHARITY PSALMS.

PSALM XLI.—Page 18.

PSALM CXII.—Page 36.

GLORIA PATRI, &c.

I

TO Father, Son and Holy Ghoſt,
The God whom we adore,
Be Glory; as it was, is now,
And ſhall be evermore.

II.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, Glory be;
As 'twas, and is, and ſhall be ſo
To all Eternity.

III.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt,
The God whom Earth and Heav'n adore,
Be Glory; as it was of old,
Is now, and ſhall be evermore.

IV.

IV.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit ever bleſt,
Eternal Three in One,
All Worſhip be addreſt;
As heretofore
It was, is now,
And ſhall be ſo
For evermore.

V.

By Angels in Heav'n
Of ev'ry Degree,
And Saints upon Earth,
All Praiſe be addreſt
To God in three Perſons,
One God ever bleſt;
As it has been, now is,
And always ſhall be.

AN

APPENDIX,

CONTAINING

HYMNS

ON

VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

APPENDIX

TO

VARIOUS OCCASIONS

APPENDIX.

HYMN I.*

For the MORNING.

By Biſhop KENN.

AWAKE, my Soul, and with the Sun
Thy daily Stage of Duty run:
Shake off dull Sloth, and early riſe,
To pay thy Morning Sacrifice.

[Redeem thy miſ-ſpent Moments paſt,
And live this Day, as 'twere thy laſt:
Thy Talents to improve take Care;
For the great Day thyſelf prepare,

Let all thy Converſe be ſincere,
Thy Conſcience, as the Noon Day clear;
For God's all-ſeeing Eye Surveys
Thy ſecret Thoughts, thy Works and Ways.

* This Hymn being too long to be ſung at one Time, all within the Crotchets [] may be omitted.

Wake

Wake, and lift up thyſelf, my Heart,
And with the Angels bear thy Part;
Who, all Night long, unwearied ſing
High Glory to th' eternal King.

I wake, I wake, ye heavenly Choir,
May your Devotion me inſpire:
That I, like you, my Age may ſpend;
Like you, may on my God attend.

May I, like you, in God delight;
Have all Day long my God in Sight;
Perform, like you my Maker's Will;
O! may I never more do Ill.]

Glory to thee who ſafe haſt kept,
And haſt refreſh'd me whilſt I ſlept,
Grant, Lord, when I from Death ſhall wake,
I may of endleſs Life partake!

Lord, I my Vows to thee renew;
Scatter my Sins as Morning Dew:
Guard my firſt Springs of Thought and Will,
And with Thyſelf my Spirit fill.

Direct, controul, ſuggeſt this Day,
All I deſign, or do, or ſay;
That all my Pow'rs, with all their Might,
In thy ſole Glory may unite.

Praiſe God, from whom all Bleſſings flow;
Praiſe him, all Creatures here below;
Praiſe him above, angelic Hoſt:
Praiſe Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt.

HYMN II.

For the EVENING.

By the Same.

GLORY to thee, my God, this Night,
For all the Bleſſings of the Light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings,
Under thy own almighty Wings.

Forgive me Lord, for thy dear Son,
The Ills which I this Day have done;
That with the World, myſelf and thee,
I, ere I ſleep, at Peace may be.

*[Teach me to live, that I may dread
The Grave as little as my Bed;
Teach me to die, that ſo I may
With Joy behold the Judgment-Day.

Let my bleſt Guardian, while I ſleep,
His watchful Station near me keep:
My Heart with Love celeſtial fill,
And guard from the Approach of Ill.

Lord, let my Soul for ever ſhare
The Bliſs of thy paternal Care;
'Tis Heav'n on earth, 'tis Heav'n above,
To ſee thy Face, and ſing thy Love.]

* This Hymn being too long to be ſung at one Time, all within the Crotchets [] may be omitted,

Shou'd Death itſelf my Sleep invade,
Why ſhou'd I be of Death afraid?
Protected by thy ſaving Arm,
Tho' he may ſtrike, he cannot harm.

For Death is Life, and Labour Reſt,
If with thy gracious Preſence bleſt:
Then welcome Sleep, or Death to me,
I'm ſtill ſecure, for ſtill with thee!

Praiſe God, from whom all Bleſſings flow;
Praiſe him, all Creatures here below;
Praiſe him above, angelic Hoſt:
Praiſe Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt.

HYMN III.

On GRATITUDE.

By Mr. ADDISON.

WHEN all thy Mercies, O my God,
My riſing Soul ſurveys;
Tranſported with the View I'm loſt,
In Wonder, Love, and Praiſe.

O how ſhall Words, with equal Warmth
The Gratitude declare
That glows within my raviſh'd Heart!
But thou canſt read it there.

Thy

Thy Providence my Life ſuſtain'd,
And all my wants redreſt,
When in the ſilent Womb I lay,
And hung upon the Breaſt.

To all my weak Complaints and Cries
Thy Mercy lent an Ear,
Ere yet my feeble Thoughts had learnt
To form themſelves in Prayer.

Unnumber'd Comforts on my Soul
Thy tender Care beſtow'd,
Before my Infant Heart conceiv'd
From whom thoſe Bleſſings flow'd.

When worn by Sickneſs, oft haſt thou
With Health renew'd my Face:
And, when in Sin and Sorrow ſunk,
Reviv'd my Soul with Grace.

Ten Thouſand Thouſand precious Gifts
My daily Thanks employ;
Nor is the leaſt a chearful Heart,
That taſtes thoſe Gifts with Joy.

Through ev'ry Period of my Life
Thy Goodneſs I'll purſue;
And after Death in diſtant Worlds
The glorious Theme renew.

When Nature fails, and Day and Night
Divide thy Works no more;
My ever-grateful Heart, O Lord,
Thy Mercy ſhall adore.

HYMN IV.

On the SABBATH.

By Dr. DODDRIDGE.

LORD of the Sabbath, hear us pray,
In this thy Houſe, on this thy Day;
Accept, as grateful Sacrifice,
The Song which from thy Servants riſe.

Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord we love;
But there's a nobler REST above:
Oh that we might that REST attain,
From Sin, from Sorrow, and from Pain!

In thy bleſt Kingdom we ſhall be
From every mortal Trouble free:
No Groans ſhall mingle with the Songs
Reſounding from immortal Tongues.

No rude Alarms of Raging Foes;
No Cares to break the long Repoſe;
No Midnight Shade, no clouded Sun,
But ſacred, high, eternal Noon.

O long-expected Day! begin;
Dawn on theſe Realms of Woe and Sin:
Fain would we leave this weary Load,
To ſleep in Death, and reſt with God.

HYMN V.

On the SABBATH.

By the Reverend Mr. HARRISON.

THIS is our ſolemn Day of Praiſe,
To thee our Voices high we'll raiſe,
Eternal God and King:
To thy bleſt Courts we will repair,
Approach thy Throne in fervent Pray'r,
And heart-felt Off'rings bring.

Inflam'd with univerſal Love,
Such as deſcended from above,
To thee our Vows we'll pay;
O may no falſe unchriſtian Pride,
Or narrow Thought to her ally'd,
Invade us while we pray!

Proſper this Day thy ſacred Word,
And grant that as a two-edg'd Sword,
It may our Hearts explore;
Attended by thy pow'rful Grace,
Let it each baneful Spot eraſe,
And may we ſin no more.

Then ſhall we hope when thou doſt come
To fix our everlaſting Doom,
To hear theſe joyful Words:
"Go, join the heav'nly Choir, and ſing,
"Eternal Praiſes to your King,
"Jehovah, Lord of Lords.

HYMN VI.

On CHRISTMAS-DAY.

By Dr. DODDRIDGE.

HIGH let us ſwell our tuneful Notes,
And join th' angelic Throng;
For Angels no ſuch Love have known,
T' awake a chearful Song.

Good-will to ſinful Men is ſhewn,
And Peace on Earth is giv'n;
For lo! th' incarnate Saviour comes
With Meſſages from Heav'n.

Juſtice and Grace, with ſweet Accord,
His riſing Beams adorn;
Let Heav'n and Earth in Concert join;
"To us a Child is born."

Glory to God, in higheſt Strains,
In higheſt Worlds be paid;
His Glory by our Lips proclaim'd,
And by our Lives diſplay'd!

When ſhall we reach thoſe bliſsful Realms
Where Chriſt exalted reigns;
And learn of the celeſtial Choir
Their own immortal Strains!

HYMN VII.

On the NEW YEAR.

By the Same.

GOD of my Life! thy conſtant Care
With Bleſſings crowns the op'ning Year;
This guilty Life thou doſt prolong,
And wake anew my annual Song.

How many kindred Souls are fled
To the vaſt Regions of the Dead,
Since from this Day the changing Sun,
Thro' his laſt yearly Period run?

WE yet ſurvive, but who can ſay,
Or through the Year, or Month, or Day,
"I will retain this vital Breath;"
Thus far, at leaſt, in League with Death!

That Breath is thine, eternal God;
'Tis thine to fix my Soul's Abode;
It holds its Life from thee alone,
On Earth, or in the World unknown.

To thee our Spirits we reſign;
Make them, and own them, ſtill as thine;
So ſhall they ſmile ſecure from Fear,
Tho' Death ſhould blaſt the riſing Year.

HYMN VIII.

On the PASSION.

FROM whence theſe dire Portents around,
That Earth and Heav'n amaze?
Wherefore do Earthquakes cleave the Ground?
Why hides the Sun his Rays?

Not thus did SINAI's trembling Head
With ſacred Horror nod,
Beneath the dark Pavilion ſpread
Of the deſcending God!

What Tongue the Tortures can declare
Of this vindictive Hour?
Wrath he alone had Will to ſhare,
As he alone had Pow'r!

See, ſtreaming from the fatal Tree,
His all-atoning Blood!
Is this the Infinite?—'Tis He!
My SAVIOUR and my GOD!

For me theſe Pangs his Soul aſſail,
For me the Death is borne!
My Sin gave Sharpneſs to the Nail,
And pointed ev'ry Thorn.

Let Sin no more my Soul enſlave;
Break, Lord, the Tyrant's Chain;
O ſave me, whom thou cam'ſt to ſave,
Nor bleed or die in vain!

HYMN IX.

For EASTER-DAY.

JESUS Chriſt is riſen to Day,—Hallelujah!
Our triumphant Holiday;
Who did once upon the Croſs,
Suffer to redeem our Loſs.

Hymns of Praiſe then let us ſing
Unto Chriſt, our heav'nly King;
Who endur'd the Croſs and Grave,
Sinners to redeem and ſave.

But the Pains which he endur'd,
Our Salvation have procur'd;
Now he reigns triumphant King,
Where the Angels ever ſing,—Hallelujah!

HYMN X.

For WHITSUNDAY.

ETERNAL Spirits! by whoſe Aid
The World's Foundations firſt were laid:
Come, viſit every pious Mind,
Come, pour thy Joys on human Kind!

Chace from our Minds th' infernal Foe,
And Peace, the Fruit of Love, beſtow:
And, leſt our Feet ſhould ſtep aſtray,
Protect and guide us in the Way!

Make

Make us eternal Truths receive:
And practice all that we believe:
Give us Thyſelf, that we may ſee
The Father and the Son by Thee!

Immortal Honours, endleſs Fame
Attend th'Almighty Father's Name;
The Saviour Son be glorify'd
Who for loſt Man's Redemption died.

And equal Adoration be,
Eternal Spirit, paid to thee;
"Come, viſit every pious Mind;
"Come, pour thy Joys on human Kind!"

HYMN XI.

THANKS *to* GOD.

By Dr. DODDRIDGE.

ALL glorious God! what Hymns of Praiſe
Shall our tranſported Voices raiſe!
What flaming Love and Zeal is due,
While Heaven ſtands open to our View!

Once we were fall'n—and oh, how low!
Juſt on the Brink of endleſs Woe:
Doom'd to the Heritage of Hell;
Where Sinners in deep Darkneſs dwell.

But lo, a Ray of chearful Light,
Scatters the horrid Shades of Night;
Lo, what triumphant Grace is ſhewn
To Souls impoveriſh'd and undone!

Far, far beyond thoſe mortal Shores,
A bright Inheritance is ours;
Where Saints in Light our Coming wait,
To ſhare their holy bliſsful State.

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